<u>BIONIC COMMANDO</u>

"CHAIN OF COMMAND"

by

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PAGE 1

Hey Colin, welcome to the party! These first few pages are fairly exposition-heavy, so please do let me know if I haven't left you enough room for the dialogue. But don't worry, the blab-level should drop once we start blowin' shit up real good...

It's not a hard-and-fast rule, but where possible it would be cool if you could try to favor full-width panels; this'll make it easier to slice it up into a web-friendly format.

As always, if you have any questions or concerns, don't hesitate to drop me a line and I can re-work the script where necessary. Have fun!

1) A twin-rotor MILITARY TRANSPORT VTOL thunders dramatically towards us through gunmetal skies. Circa 2035 A.D. tech level.

CAPTION
I don't look out the window any more. It _**hurts**_ *too much.*

CAPTION
All that sky. All that _freedom_*.*

2) BIG! Reverse angle; the VTOL descends towards the TASC BIONICS DIVISION HQ - a heavily-fortified bunker-like complex with the TASC logo (the tesselated hexagons on the BC game logo) emblazoned on the side. Heavy blast doors yawn open to reveal a deep, cylindrical landing shaft atop the structure, like the mouth of a squat concrete volcano. Most of the complex lies deep underground, and all we're seeing here is the tip of the iceberg.

CAPTION
This metal box is my whole _world_ *now.*

CAPTION
But since I lost _everything_*...*

CAPTION
... it's all I _need_*.*

3) TWO FIGURES walk towards us along a gloomy corridor deep within the subterranean bowels of the complex; JOSEPH "SUPER JOE" GIBSON (see visual ref); and MAJOR MILLER - a stern, humorless soldier wearing dark urban-camo SWAT gear, with a compact submachine gun slung across his torso.

The wide corridor, low ceiling and inward-sloping blast-reinforced walls create an oppressive sense of claustrophobia.

<u>JARED</u>: Any "Location Title" text should be free-floating on the image, with no cation box, to differentiate it from Spencer's "internal monologue" captions. The font should suggest a computer readout, e.g. Bank Gothic or OCR A Extended.

LOCATION TITLE
T.A.S.C. Joint Operations Executive

MILLER
I'm sorry, sir, but this doesn't sit easy with me. At least let me send a <u>team</u> in there.
(link)
Operation Blackout is just <u>too sensitive</u> to entrust to a <u>bionic</u>. If the <u>truth</u> were ever to get out...

JOE
It won't get out. I'll make sure of that.

PAGE 2

1) Small inset. Close on Joe, grim. Flinty eyes, steeled to making hard choices.

JOE
But that’s not your burden to carry, Miller. It’s mine.

2) Two-shot. Joe and Miller pause before a pair of heavy blast-doors as Joe puts his hand to a wall-mounted palm-print scanner.

MILLER
I think you’re letting your friendship cloud your judgment on this.
(link)
Bionic or not, he’s just one man.

MILLER
A one-man army.
(link)
If anyone can pull this off, it’s Spencer. Remember, I’ve seen him in action. He sprang me from that Imperial interrogation center back in the war.

3) Close on Miller, grudgingly impressed, turning to look at Joe (off panel) as the blast doors slide open to reveal him.

MILLER
The Master-D mission?
(link)
You telling me Spencer pulled that off single handed... ?

4) Now we’re down at the bottom of the landing shaft, so deep the sunlight barely penetrates. In the foreground are the squat hydraulic shock-absorbing pylons of a landing platform and its access gantries, and the VTOL’s steaming landing gear. A boarding ramp lowers from the VTOL’s underside. In the background, Joe and Miller emerge from the blast doors set into the landing bay wall...

JOE
Single-handed but, *uh*...

PAGE 3

1) BIG reveal of Major NATHAN SPENCER, aka “BIONIC COMMANDO”, stepping out onto the VTOL’s boarding ramp. A low-angle “hero shot”, revealing his bionic arm in all its glory. He looks badass in a dark green vest/tee with the TASC logo, high-tech slit-lens wraparound shades, and dog-tags.

JOE
(from off-panel left)
... Heavily armed!

B.C.
Well now, look who’s runnin’ the spookshow.
(link)
Super Joe.

2) Profile shot. B.C. and Joe stand almost nose-to-nose, grim-faced, staring each other out as B.C. pulls off his shades.

JOE
My correct title is Supervisor, Joint Operations Executive.
(link)
As you well know, soldier.

B.C.
Whatever you say...
(link)
Super Joe.

3) Close on Joe, who can’t keep a straight face any longer; he cracks into a broad grin.

JOE
... Heh!
(link)
Same old wiseass.

PAGE 4

1) Joe and B.C. stroll towards the landing bay doors; both smiling now, old friends easy in each other's company. Joe slaps B.C. on the back, and jabs the other thumb back to indicate Major Miller who tags along behind, looking slightly nonplussed by this sudden outbreak of camaraderie.

JOE
It's good to have you back, Spencer. We pull you off R&R for this?

B.C.
Recruitment detail.
(link)
Pep-talking the walking wounded at Walter Reed, trying to convince 'em they haven't been tossed on the scrap-heap just yet.

2) Joe's POV. Close on B.C., turning to look at us. Becoming more serious now. As the scene progresses they'll head through the blast doors and back down the corridor.

B.C.
I told 'em we'd fix 'em up -- that there's a new lease of life waiting for 'em at TASC Bionics Division.
(link)
Question is, was I lying?

3) Joe's face darkens.

JOE
I hope not. But the Secretary of Defense has been looking to pull the plug on us, and, well...
(link)
... Something's happened that may give him all the excuse he needs.
(link)
Unless you can make it right.

4) B.C., serious. Eye contact.

B.C.
I owe my life to Bionics Division, sir. You know it.

(link)
Just tell me what you need.

1) Establishing shot of the TASC BRIEFING ROOM - a small, dimly-lit auditorium. Joe stands giving the briefing; B.C. is the lone audience, one foot planted on the back of the seat in front of him. The only light comes from the big holographic display screen behind Joe, which currently shows headshots of the bionic defectors FORGE and SHRIKE. Force has two massive bionic arms, giving him a top-heavy, ape-like appearance; Shrike has bug-like bionic eyes and wings, giving her an insectoid appearance. They both look freakish, inhuman, almost monstrous.

JOE
Your primary targets, call-signs Forge and Shrike. They were this division's first bionic prototypes...
(link)
... and our first failures.

2) Closer on Joe, grim.

JOE
After surgery they proved... unstable. Couldn't live with the modifications. Couldn't live without what they'd lost.
(link)
Unfit for active duty, and too dangerous to release back into civilian life, they were kept on ice...
(link)
Until four days ago.

3) Behind Joe, a satellite image of an abandoned mining facility in the snow-capped mountains of Alaska, overlaid with wireframe HUD graphics pinpointing different areas. An electromagnetic mass-driver rail track crosses a deep crevasse and runs up the side of a snow-covered mountain like an inverted snake skeleton. Directly across the crevasse from the top of the mass-driver is a large, bunker-like mining facility topped with a helipad. A rat's nest of gantries, catwalks, fuel tanks, cracking plants, cranes and mag-lev rail tracks.

JOE
Agents Forge and Shrike went AWOL from our secure facility and jumped the border.
(link)

Now, our source has pinpointed them
to an abandoned uranium-mining
facility...
(link)
... in Alaska.

4) B.C. scowls in the shadows, the hologram light reflecting in his eyes.

B.C.
Alaska? Damn.
(link)
You think they’re spilling our
cyber-tech secrets to the
Separatist rebels?

PAGE 6

1) Joe, serious. Behind him, a map of Alaska, showing the Bering Strait and a red-marked “Demilitarized Zone” along the Alaska-FSA border. Think disputed Kashmir on mainland USA.

JOE
Terrorists, Major. Not rebels.
(link)
You know what’s at stake here. If Alaska was to break away from the FSA...
(link)
Well, we just can’t allow that to happen. And our bionic tech could give them the edge they need.

2) Closer on Joe. Eye contact.

JOE
Secretary of Defense Armstrong has already ruled out an orbital strike. The last thing we need is for this cold war to go hot.
(link)
Too many unpleasant questions he’d have to answer in public. About who we’re fighting, and why.

3) Close on B.C., grim.

B.C.
So you want me to take ‘em out.

4) Close on Joe, grim.

JOE
Like they were never there. Zero residual.
(link)
This one’s black-on-black, Major. Total deniability.

5) B.C. scowls darkly at a miniature hologram of Forge and Shrike, complete with scrolling data, which he now projects from the upturned palm of his bionic claw. Alas, poor Yorick...

B.C.
Isn’t it always?

PAGE 7

1) An ultra-high-tech STEALTH BOMBER screams towards us supersonic speed, flying insanely low between the snowy, pine-forested slopes of an Alaskan mountain range. Like the bastard gene-spliced hybrid of a manta ray, a hammerhead shark and a B-2 Spirit. It's NIGHT, and the only illumination on the sleek black aircraft comes from the narrow red slit of the cockpit.

CAPTION
The Alaskan rebels wanted to break away from the Federation and form their own country.

CAPTION
Which was all well an' good -- 'cept it would mean they'd be able to control all shipping through the Bering Strait.

RADIO JAG
(no tail)
We are now penetrating Alaskan airspace.
(link)
Welcome to the demilitarized zone!

2) View of the underside of the plane as a sleek black metal INSERTION POD falls away from the bomb bay doors. It look like a stubby, stealth-designed missile with stubby fins, but it's actually a radar invisible one-man insertion vehicle, as we're about to discover...

CAPTION
Since the polar caps melted, the Strait had become been the major lifeline for the mainland FSA -- and that meant no free Alaska.

CAPTION
Not at <u>any</u> price.

RADIO JAG
(no tail)
Releasing operational payload... <u>Now</u>!

3) Small inset on panel 4. The insertion pod SPLITS OPEN in mid air, to reveal --

4) BIG! B.C. Spencer comes LEAPS dynamically out towards us as the discarded sections of the insertion pod tumble away behind him. He's wearing an Arctic bomber-jacket with fur-lined hood, pulled back to reveal his features. High-tech goggles or slit-lens night-vision shades. He's free-falling through the air without chute or harness, his legs tucked under him as if crouching in the air, bionic arm raised to deliver a mighty hammer-blow. You'll be wanting to channel some Mignola HELLBOY on this one, Colin!

CAPTION
Didn't stop 'em fighting for it, though!

RADIO JAG
(no tail)
Good hunting, Major!

PAGE 8

1) High in the pine-forested mountains, a four-man ALASKAN SEPARATIST PATROL wades through knee-deep snow. The leader holds up his left fist, telling the men behind him to halt. They're rugged guerrilla fighters, kitted out with whatever weapons and equipment they've managed to scavenge in their bitter guerrilla war with the FSA. Snow goggles. Thermal padding on their weapon barrels. Breath misting in the cold air. To the FSA, they're terrorists. To others, they're freedom fighters. Take your pick.

LOCATION TITLE
Separatist Border Patrol
Chugach Mountains, Alaska

RADIO OPERATOR
Hold up!
(link)
Sir, you hear something? Like a... whistling sound?

PATROL LEADER
Better call it in.

2) The Separatist RADIO OPERATOR presses his headset earpiece into his ear with his gloved fingertips. He looks at us, eyes wide with alarm --

RADIO OPERATOR
Can't get a signal through. The channel's gone dead!
(link)
Someone's jamming us - !

3) Small inset. VERY HIGH ANGLE, from directly above the Patrol leader. He LOOKS UP at us with sudden horror --

PATROL LEADER
... Oh sh--

4) BIG, dynamic image! B.C. LANDS in the middle of the patrol, SLAMMING his bionic fist down into the ground like a wrecking ball! This is the special "Death From Above" move from the BC video game; it sends a circular seismic shockwave blasting outwards, knocking the Separatist patrol flying backwards! Snow flies outwards like meteor ejecta. B.C.'s feet don't even touch the ground; all his downward momentum is channeled down through that iron fist.

FX
WHAMM!

PAGE 9

1) BC crouches, semi-silhouetted with his back to us in the foreground. Steam rises from the bionic claw, a remnant of the impact. Before him is the impact crater, with all four Separatists sprawled out cold...

CAPTION
The boys in Basic Training like to call that move "Death From Above".

2) High angle, looking straight down on BC. He FIRES the bionic grapple up towards us, the claw zooming up into the extreme foreground in dynamic perspective --

CAPTION
But this Bionic Arm's more than just a weapon...

3) BIG! BC SWINGS through a high, jagged, steep-sided, impassable mountain pass like Spider-Man, dynamic. This image should really sell the excitement of swinging through vast environments in the video game.

CAPTION
Much more.

PAGE 10

1) Wide aerial establishing shot of the mining facility beneath the helipad, previously glimpsed on page 5 panel 3. It's still NIGHT.

CAPTION
Plan was to rendezvous with Jayne Magdelene, the double-agent TASC had embedded inside the Separatist enclave.

GUARD
(from facility)
Shift change, Mag.
(link)
Have our honored guests decided to talk yet... ?

2) A big industrial space deep inside the mining faclity; rusted catwalks and hulking, long-dead machinery. Standing on a high catwalk in the foreground, to either side of the panel, are two Separatists - JAYNE "MAG" MAGDELENE (refs!) and her Separatist GUARD. Automatic weapons. Mag has bionic legs. The Guard obviously has no idea she's an FSA double-agent. They look down at FORGE and SHRIKE, huddled down on the floor far below, their prisoners.

CAPTION
When Mag didn't show, I tried to suppress the old uneasy feeling that rose in my gut.

MAG
Nothing we can use. They ask us for shelter, but they're not willing to offer anything in return.

GUARD
Then the sooner they're out of our hair, the better. Keeping 'em here's only gonna draw heat.

3) Mag strolls towards us along the catwalk, throwing a look back over her shoulder, casual and confident.

CAPTION
That was only my first mistake.

MAG
Chopper's picking them up in a few hours.
(link)

They don't get <u>on</u> it, I say we pick
'em apart for <u>spares</u>.

4) Outside in the snow, Mag lurks in the shadows behind a huge, rusty gas cylinder, ducking low as she peers out around the edge to see if anyone's noticed her. In the far background, a Separatist patrol moves away, their backs to her, oblivious. In stark contrast to the previous panel, Mag's body-language now looks stealthy, furtive and suspicious. She's about to do something dangerous, and if discovered, she'll be killed on sight -- and she knows it.

5) Close. Mag speaks to a small object as she places it at head-level on the surface of the gas-tank. It's a tiny hemispherical holo-camera, attaching itself magnetically.

MAG
Comsat uplink. Biomet ident, go
secure.
(link)
Major, this is Lieutenant
Magdelene. You copy?

<u>PAGE 11</u>

1) Exterior establishing shot of a cave mouth, high in the snowy mountains, utterly inaccessible by normal means. Dim firelight glows in the gloom.

B.C.
(from cave)
Five by five, Lieutenant.
(link)
You didn't make the R.V. What's your situation?

2) Interior, our POV looking out through the mouth of the cave. In the mid-ground, BC sits before a small camp-fire, talking to a holo-image of Mag projected from his bionic claw.

MAG
(radio jag)
Sorry, Major, but I pulled guard duty. Couldn't slip away.

B.C.
All I need is a time and location on the targets. Just put 'em in my sights an' you can dust out of there.

3) BIG. Move in closer on BC talking to the Mag holo. Leave room in the panel for back-and-forth speech balloons.

MAG
(radio jag)
I'm afraid it's not as simple as that.
(link)
Super Joe's intel is <u>bogus</u>. Forge and Shrike <u>aren't</u> selling tech secrets to the rebels -- They haven't told them a <u>damn thing</u>!

B.C.
... <u>Yet</u>.

MAG
(radio jag)
The rebels don't even <u>want</u> them here. They're kicking them <u>out</u>!
(link)
There's an ex-Russian Army chopper coming to pick them up, and then the Rebels are washing their hands of the whole affair.

PAGE 12

1) Close on BC, frowning.

B.C.
So what are you saying? That our targets aren't a security threat?

2) Medium close on Mag's holo.

MAG
(radio jag)
I'm saying they don't deserve to die.
(link)
They can't survive without their bionics. When the Secretary of Defense requisitioned their hardware implants, he was signing their death warrant.
(link)
Don't you see? Going AWOL was their only chance to live!

3) Two-shot, BC and Mag's holo.

B.C.
We've known each other a long time, Mag. You know better than to start second-guessing an operation on the fly.
(link)
There's a chain of command. It's not our decision to make.

MAG
(radio jag)
"Just following orders," huh?
(link)
Funny, I remember that's what the Imperials used to say.

4) Extreme close on BC, scowling darkly. Troubled.

B.C.
Just give me the damn coordinates, Lieutenant.

PAGE 13

1) Colin, this could be a single tall thin panel stretching down the left-hand side of the page if you like. We're at the foot of a deep crevasse, and it's now DAY. BC, small at the foot of the panel, has fired his grapple-claw straight up to the underside of a gantry far above. Now, the bionic grapple-line retracts, yanking him up off the ground and into the air, rising straight up. Slung over his shoulder is a squat but powerful sub-machine gun, which will come into play later. He also has a weapon case slung across his back.

CAPTION
A sniper knows you can't always be in the right place at the right time...

CAPTION
... But you can go to the right place and wait.

2) A pair of SEPARATIST GUARDS patrol along a rusted iron gantry which runs along the underside of the mass driver as it crosses the crevasse that bisects the mining facility. BC crouches unseen beneath the gantry, squatting upside-down, "anchored" in place by his claw. The guards walk over him, oblivious. One of them speaks into a walkie-talkie or radio headset.

CAPTION
The old mining station was built like a fortress -- which is exactly what it had become.

SEPARATIST
Eyrie, this is Eagle Six checking in.
(link)
All quiet at the crevasse. Heading north.

RADIO JAG
(no tail)
Roger that, Eagle Six. Keep your eyes open.

3) Angle on the mass-driver curving up to the mountain summit. BC climbs it using his grapple.

CAPTION
The magnetic mass-driver used to accelerate six-ton blocks of iron into low orbit...

4) BC squats atop the highest “rib” of the mountain-top mass-driver, anchored in place with his bionic grapple, peering through a set of high-tech binoculars.

CAPTION

... And provided a perfect <u>overwatch</u> position on the Separatists' <u>helipad</u>.

PAGE 14

Colin, this page is VERY caption-heavy, so please try to leave plenty of space for them -- and do let me know if I just haven't left you enough room to work!

1) Close. BC is assembling a squat, high-tech, serious-looking ANTI-MATERIEL RIFLE.

CAPTION
TASC wanted our defectors dead and gone. That meant no evidence to sift through, no bionic components to retro-engineer.

CAPTION
Fortunately, I had the perfect tool for the job.

2) Angle on a device on BC's equipment belt: a portable power-pack with a single high-tech 50-caliber bullet slotted into it -- the so-called "SCRAM round." The pack is festooned with failsafe power gauges and hazard warning labels like SCRAM and CAUTION: ANTIMATTER!

CAPTION
Inside the fifty-cal warhead was a miniature electromagnetic containment system, holding a single particle of antimatter suspended in a vacuum.

CAPTION
When the slug hit the target, the suspension field would collapse and the anti-particle annihilate itself in a burst of raw energy that'd vaporize anything within ten yards.

CAPTION
The eggheads in R&D called it the Self-Collapsing Reactive Antimatter Munition. Out in the field, we called it SCRAM.

3) Angle on BC looking along the length of the rifle at us as he loads the SCRAM round into the weapon's breech. Flinty eyes, steeled to the task. He is anchored in place with his bionic grapple, resting the rifle on it for stability.

CAPTION
There's only one downside. Once removed from its portable <u>power-pack</u>, the SCRAM round's internal battery only has enough juice to maintain the containment field for <u>four minutes</u>.

CAPTION
Wait too long to pick your shot, and it'll <u>self-detonate</u> in the <u>breech</u>.

B.C.
Easy does it...

4) BC's POV through the rifle scope. The old helipad across the gorge. FORGE and SHRIKE steps out onto the helipad from an underground access door, followed by a group of several Separatist guerrillas holding their weapons on them. Forge and Shrike look more like prisoners than collaborators. A chopper waits for them, rotors turning. Note there's a STALKER near the helipad which will come into play later -- a multi-legged tank, designed for traversing awkward terrain.

CAPTION
Fortunately, they didn't keep me waiting long. The Separatists wanted Forge and Shrike hell and gone...

CAPTION
... And they were about to get their wish.

RADIO JAG
(no tail)
Major, this is Mag. Targets en route to the cliff-side helipad.

B.C.
Roger that. Get yourself clear.

PAGE 15

1) Close inset. BC’s gloved finger tightens on the trigger. His gloved thumb clicks the safety off.

CAPTION
They were right where I wanted them to be. One shot, and it was all over.

CAPTION
So why did I hesitate... ?

2) Forge is a sullen hulk, head downcast, almost in tears as they step up the ramp of the waiting chopper. A big dumb kid, Frankenstein by way of Quasimodo. Shrike puts a comforting arm on his massive shoulder.

CAPTION
Maybe it was because the rifle scope threw them up so close, I could have reached out and touched them.

CAPTION
Maybe when I saw them down there, I saw myself.

3) Extreme close. The scope projects targeting data up onto BC’s scowling eye.

CAPTION
They were soldiers.

CAPTION
They gave everything.

CAPTION
Just like me.

4) BC UNLOADS the SCRAM round from the rifle. He’s snarling, pissed off with himself.

B.C.
Dammit all to hell--

RADIO JAG
What is it, Major?
(link)

They're taking off, we're gonna lose 'em!

5) Angle looking up past BC as he slots the SCRAM round back into its power pack. He's looking up into the clear sky, watching the defectors' chopper fly away into the distance...

B.C.
Mission abort.
(link)
Let 'em go, Lieutenant.

<u>PAGE 16</u>

1) BC, in foreground, suddenly TURNS in a dynamic crouch to see a HOPPER rise up menacingly behind him! The numeral 1 is stencilled on the hull. The Hopper is a small, nimble, one-man VTOL gunship, bristling with weapons pods -- and they're all pointing at BC!

B.C.
Son of a-- !

HOPPER
(jagged)
<u>Alert! Intruder!</u>
(link)
<u>All units to code red!</u>

2) BC drops his sniper rifle as he SPRINTS flat-out towards us! A line of bullets STITCHES relentlessly towards him, dogging his heels. Huge muzzle-flash and a chain of empty shell casings spewing from the hopper's rotary cannon. A MISSILE also snakes towards BC from the Hopper, leaving a smoky trail in its wake --

B.C.
<u>I'm blown! Mag, get the hell outta there</u> - !

3) Low angle, looking up the sheer mountainside as BC DIVES OUT into empty space, his arms spread wide like an Olympic diver, his SMG still slung over his shoulder. The snowy mountaintop EXPLODES behind him --

PAGE 17

1) Tall vertical panel down the left-hand side of the page. BC FALLS down the sheer cliff-side, FIRING his bionic grapple out towards one of two more hoppers (Hoppers 2 and 3) which come swooping in towards him --

2) Small inset. BC's grapple CLAMPS onto the hull of Hopper 2 --

3) BC SWINGS on the grapple, FIRING his compact sub-machine gun towards Hopper 3 --

4) Hopper 3 EXPLODES--

F.X.
VADDAMM!

HOPPER 3 PILOT
(jagged)
Aaagh!

<u>PAGE 18</u>

1) BC has clambered up onto the hull of Hopper 2. He RIPS off the cockpit canopy with his bionic claw, revealing the STUNNED pilot --

PILOT

<u>Holyyy</u>--

2) BC THROWS the pilot out over the side!

PILOT

(jagged)

<u>Yyyaaaaaaaaaahhh</u>!

3) Close, intense. SNARLING into camera, BC clings for dear life onto the edge of the pilotless Hopper's cockpit as it spirals wildly out of control!

B.C.

Two down, one to go!

<u>PAGE 19</u>

1) Up in the snow near the helipad is a Separatist STALKER -- a multi-legged tank, designed for traversing awkward terrain. Its weapons include a railgun, a rotary cannon and a ground-to-air missile system. The Stalker Pilot stands in the open turret hatch, shouting down to the Separatist COMMANDER who stands in the snow, barking orders and pointing emphatically --

COMMANDER
Those damn cyborgs -- they've <u>betrayed</u> us!
(link)
<u>Blow them out of the sky!</u>

STALKER PILOT
Yes, sir!

2) The Stalker FIRES an anti-aircraft missile, which comes snaking up towards us on a smoky white vapor trail --

RADIO JAG
(from Stalker)
<u>Fox one!</u>

3) The missile EXPLODES against the side of the chopper carrying Forge and Shrike -- crippling it, but not destroying it...

F.X.
<u>SHRAMMM!</u>

PAGE 20

1) Mag comes SPRINTING through the snow on her powerful bionic legs, FIRING her machine gun, fierce --

MAG
(jagged)
Dammit, No - !

COMMANDER
(jagged)
Aaagh!

2) The Separatist Commander is cut down in the hail of gunfire. The Stalker Pilot ducks down, unharmed, and Mag's bullets spatter off the turret hatch as he pulls it closed after him --

STALKER PILOT
(closing hatch)
It's Mag -- she's one of them!
(link)
Take her out!

3) The Stalker trots nimbly through the snow, turning and firing its rotary cannon at Mag in the foreground.

CANNON FX
BRRRRRT!

4) She DIVES aside dynamically -- an impossible leap, thanks to her bionic legs -- towards the cover of some old mining machinery. The Stalker's gunfire CHEWS up the snow close by her --

MAG
(jagged)
Yaaah - !

5) Mag hunches behind the machinery as the hail of gunfire erupts around her, sparks spattering off the rusted metal. She's keeping her goddamn head down, screaming into her radio mike --

MAG
(jagged)
Major, I got a situation here!
(link)
Stalker's got me pinned down an' I got nothing that'll put a dent on it!

PAGE 21

1) Above the crevasse, Hopper 1 swoops straight towards us, FIRING its weapons!

B.C.
I'm en route! Hold fast!

2) BC DIVES off the hull of the stricken, pilotless Hopper 2 as bullets rip into it. His arms spread wide, like the in-game "Leap of Faith" move --

B.C.
Gotta time this just right...

3) Hoppers 2 and 3 COLLIDE, EXPLODING spectacularly --

F.X.
VADDOOOM!

PAGE 22

1) Low angle, looking up into the sky as BC FALLS towards us in silhouette, his BIONIC FIST RAISED TO STRIKE --

B.C.
Heads up! Incoming - !

2) BIG, SPECTACULAR IMAGE! BC SLAMS his fist down onto the Stalker, CRUSHING it like an anvil dropped on a beer can!

F.X.
WHAMMM!

3) BC stands atop the smoking, crumpled ruin of the Stalker, grim and super tough. In the foreground, Mag stands in the snow, calmly loading a fresh clip into her SMG. No more bad guys. All is calm...

MAG
See, now you’re just showing off.

PAGE 23

1) Now it's DUSK, and we're looking down into a snowy saddle of land surrounded by dense pine forest, high up in the mountains. The blood-red sun setting behind the distant peaks. In the mid-ground, the wrecked chopper lies crumpled in the snow like a broken insect. It would have a been a rough landing, but the occupants could have survived. Thick black smoke boils from the open access ramp. BC and Mag emerge from the treeline in the close foreground, moving down towards the wreck...

CAPTION
We got a transponder fix on the chopper, which at least told us it had put down in one piece.

CAPTION
Forge and Shrike could still be alive -- no thanks to us.

2) FORGE suddenly ERUPTS up out of his hiding place beneath the snow behind BC, startling him --

FORGE
Hhurrrrr!

B.C.
What the--

3) Close. One of Forge's massive cyber-paws GRABS BC round the throat, lifting him bodily off the ground. BC snarls through gritted teeth --

B.C.
Aghhk - !
(link)
Take it... easy... Lug Nuts!

MAG
Let him go, Forge! We're on your side - !

4) Mag brings her SMG to bear -- but turns at the sound of a voice from behind, where SHRIKE hovers on cyber-wings with a weapon levelled at her back.

MAG
We're F.S.A. We were sent to, *uh*...
(link)
To bring you home.

SHRIKE
(from off-panel right)
Like <u>hell</u> you were!

PAGE 24

1) Shrike lands deftly in the snow, her weapon still on us.

SHRIKE
The F.S.A. wants us dead.
(link)
We're not like you. We didn't volunteer to have this done to us.
(link)
They forced us to take the bionics -- turned us into monsters...

2) Shrike puts a comforting hand on the shoulder of Forge, who has let go of BC. Forge lowers his head, sullen. Beside him, BC stands rubbing his sore neck.

SHRIKE
And then when we wouldn't play nice, they tried to pull the plug.
(link)
We sacrificed everything for our the F.S.A. -- and all we got for our loyalty was a knife in the back!

3) Medium close on BC.

B.C.
Then come back with us.
(link)
We can sort this mess out, take it as far up the chain of command as it takes to get justice--

4) Shrike and Forge, close.

SHRIKE
Oh, don't be naive!
(link)
You really think they'll let their dirty little secret get out in the open?

5) Close on BC, scowling, tough, sincere.

B.C.
I give you my word.

1) Big, wide long-shot. The four of them trudge through the snowy mountains, just tiny figures in an unforgiving landscape. BC in the lead, then Forge and Shrike, then Mag watching their six.

CAPTION
I knew it was crazy, bringing them in. But that didn't mean it wasn't the right thing to do.

CAPTION
Sure, the brass wouldn't like it. But Joe was still calling the shots at Bionics Division, and I'd saved his ass more times than I could remember...

2) Move in closer on them as they trudge towards us. In the foreground, BC looks up as two fat F.S.A. MILITARY GUNSHIPS fly overhead -- their transport.

CAPTION
He owed me.

3) One of the gunships has now landed, and MAJOR MILLER (from the opening scene) hops out as half a dozen other FSA snow-troops deploy around him, securing the landing zone. Behind and to one side, the second gunship is descending to land, the downwash kicking up snow.

MILLER
What the hell is this? The extraction's for two, not four!
(link)
Drop your weapons! Now!

4) Close on BC.

B.C.
They ain't armed, Miller, they agreed to come in peacefully.
(link)
I dunno if they're traitors or not, it ain't for me to judge. We can leave that to the court martial.

5) Close on Miller, sneering, weapon aimed.

MILLER

You've disobeyed a direct order, Major. Aided the enemy...

(link)

And if you're not man enough to finish the job, I'll happily do it for you.

PAGE 26

1) Miller and his men aim their weapons at BC.

B.C.
You're makin' a big mistake here, Miller.

MILLER
Men, if the Major doesn't surrender his weapons in the next ten seconds, open fire.
(link)
One... Two.. Three...

2) Close on BC, grim. Over his shoulder we see Shrike and Mag, waiting, edgy. Hair-trigger tension.

SHRIKE
(from panel above)
I told you this wasn't going to work.

MAG
(from panel above)
We can take 'em. Just gimme the word, Major.

B.C.
Hold fire, Lieutenant. These boys are on our side.
(link)
Ain't their fault they got an grade-A butt-nugget for a commanding officer.

3) Angle looking past Miller's weapon aimed at BC. A soldier ("ALPHA") steps in and takes the SCRAM ROUND from BC...

MILLER
(off-panel left)
Eight... Nine... T--

B.C.
Okay. You win.
(link)
Here, take it. Just don't drop it.

4) Wide. BC and Mag kneel in the snow at gunpoint, surrendering their weapons. Other soldiers haul Forge and Shrike away.

MILLER

Alpha, stow their weapons in the support chopper.

(link)

Delta, Gamma -- separate the target subjects and escort them to the tree-line.

5) BC SNARLS --

B.C.

Dammit, Miller, you can’t just execute them!

(link)

We’re soldiers, not assassins!

PAGE 27

1) Close on Miller, sneering with contempt.

MILLER
Speak for yourself, Major.
(link)
I told Joe you'd screw this mission up. Never send a bionic to do a man's job.

2) Close on BC's eyes scowling with barely-suppressed rage.

B.C.
What was that? I didn't quite hear.
(link)
Step a little closer and say it again.

3) Wide aerial shot, clearly establishing the geography of the scene before the action kicks off. Off to panel left, the two choppers. Soldier Alpha makes his way BACK FROM the choppers, heading towards Miller who stands over BC and Mag. Off to panel right, other soldiers walk Forge and Shrike off towards the far tree-line, where they will presumably be shot. Bleak. Footprints in the snow.

CAPTION
Playing for time. That was the longest four minutes of my life...

CAPTION
Every second anticipating gunshots from the tree-line that would tell me I'd waited too long...

B.C.
(small text)
Lieutenant Magdelene.

MAG
(small text)
Sir?

4) Extreme close on BC, grim, his flinty eyes drilling into ours --

CAPTION
Four minutes...

CAPTION
... which is exactly how long it'd take for that <u>SCRAM round</u> I'd given them to self-detonate.

B.C.
<u>Stand to</u>.

5) WHAMM! The support chopper EXPLODES, blasted open from the inside by a ball of pure white energy as the SCRAM round detonates inside it! Soldier Alpha is blasted off his feet towards us, but is otherwise unharmed.

F.X.
<u>VDDAAMMMMMM!</u>

ALPHA
<u>Aaah!</u>

<u>PAGE 28</u>

1) Action! BC's bionic claw FLIES out towards us, massive in the foreground --

2) The claw SLAMS into Miller's chest, grabbing him and knocking him back. He drops his weapons, stunned by the suddenness of the attack --

MILLER
(jagged)
UUHF

3) Miller is SLAMMED into the other soldiers like a sack of potatoes! Men and weapons go flying --

F.X.
<u>SWACK</u>!

4) Mag pulls a fancy move-- rolling forward from her kneeling position while kicking one bionic leg up -- kicking the jaw of the trooper standing over her. He drops his weapon as his head snaps back --

MAG
TCHA!

F.X.
Thok

5) Mag completes her forward roll and CATCHES his gun as it falls!

F.X.
K-chak!

PAGE 29

1) Over near the tree-line, Forge and Shrike seize their chance! Forge SMASHES their two captors aside with his massive bionic arms, sending them flying. Shrike takes to the air --

SHRIKE
Now's our chance! Go!

FORGE
Huuhrrr!

2) They run towards the remaining chopper -- which is beginning to lift off the ground, its weapons pod already swivelling towards them --

SHRIKE
The gunship! Take it and we can hop the Strait--

3) BC has grabbed a fallen gun and slaps a magazine into place. As he does so he turns, alarmed at what he sees off panel --

B.C.
No! It'll cut you in half --

4) The gunship's weapons-pod FIRES --

F.X.
BRRRRT!

5) -- and Forge and Shrike are cut to pieces in its withering hail of fire!

SHRIKE
(jagged)
Nnaaaaah!

PAGE 30

1) BC snarls in anguish --

B.C.
(jagged)
NOoooooo - !

2) BIG! BC's suddenly BLASTED through the air by an explosion close behind him --

F.X.
BOOM!

3) Mag peeks out from behind the cover of the trees, keeping her head down...

MAG
Sorry, Major, but you got yourself into this crazy mess...

4) Mag SPRINTS away from us through the snowy forest. Her powerful bionic legs kicking up snow in her wake.

MAG
You'll just have to get yourself out of it!

PAGE 31

1) Close on BC as he groggily picks himself up from the snow...

B.C.
(wobbly)
Uunhhh...

2) The gunships hovers in the air above the smoking ruin of its partner craft, weapons aimed down at us.

B.C.
... Damn.

3) Forge and Shrike lie dead in the bloody snow...

4) BIG! BC is SURROUNDED by the FSA troops, all of them aiming their weapons right at him -- including MILLER, gloating...

MILLER
Mission accomplished, Major.
(link)
Hope you think it was worth it.

PAGE 32

1) Exterior establishing shot of a mountain-top maximum security prison, let’s make this somewhere hot and arid.

CAPTION
Joe couldn’t even look me in the eye at the court-martial. Hung me out to dry and washed his hands of the whole affair.

CAPTION
They took my arm. Took my rank. Took away my only reason to live.

2) Move in on one small, barred window high up on the flat concrete face of the prison.

CAPTION
That was five years ago now.

CAPTION
I’ve been rotting on Death Row ever since, just waiting for the hammer to fall.

3) Now we move in through the barred window to reveal the dark, claustrophobic prison cell within. BC lies doing one-armed push-ups on the cell floor. Grimy vest. His bionic arm has been removed, leaving only a cybernetic shoulder-coupling in its place.

CAPTION
I don’t look out the window any more. It hurts too much.

CAPTION
All that sky. All that freedom.

4) Move into an extreme close-up on BC’s eyes, drilling directly into the reader. He’s unshaven, his hair now grown into long grimy dreadlocks. He looks every inch the badass anti-hero of the new video game, and the look in his eyes tells us there’s five years’ worth of pent-up aggression just waiting to explode out. He’s a pressure cooker. Somebody‘s going to pay...

CAPTION
This metal box is my whole world now.

CAPTION
But since I lost everything...

CAPTION

... it's all I need.

END TEXT

To be continued...